

SEVERE TRIALS IN TELLING "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

Perhaps You've Tried It--Be Careful,
Now--But if You Haven't
Read This First

One Man's Belief in Virtue of Stating
Things as They Are Put
to Hard Test

[In "Nothing But the Truth" Bob Bennett (William Collier) is a member of the firm of E. M. Ralston & Co., brokers. Ralston's daughter Gwendolyn has given Bennett \$10,000 in cash, which she has raised by subscription for a charity. She asks him to double the \$10,000 in some investment so that she can call upon her father for \$20,000, explaining that her father has agreed to subscribe an amount equal to the sum she is able to raise. Ralston has invested considerable money in a quicksilver mine in New Mexico and is unloading the stock on his customers. Two chorus girls, Mabel and Sabel, friends of Richard Donnelly, the junior member of the firm, call at the office and accidentally meet Ralston. He is flattered by Mabel's comments and lights her cigarette. In conversation with Ralston, Donnelly, and Clarence Van Dusen, a customer, Bennett criticizes Ralston's method of selling the stock. Then this scene occurs.]

Business Truth.

BOB—For my part, I'd rather represent a stock as it is and let the customer choose for himself.

RALSTON—I didn't misrepresent it. Bob—Yes you did. You told me to stay out, you told Van Dusen that Clark has bought.

RALSTON—I sold Marshall and Hadley without naming Clark.

BOB—But you did tell them it was a great mine?

RALSTON—Well, I hope it is. I've got \$100,000 tied up in it. I've got to think it's great. If I can sell \$150,000 worth of the stock I can spend \$50,000, and the chances are I'll strike it. If I do, they win!

BOB—But now the mine isn't any good.

RALSTON—It's no good at all, if you want to know the truth. The stock isn't worth the paper it's written on.

BOB—I thought so.

RALSTON—But there's quicksilver in New Mexico somewhere and somebody is going to strike it. I've told many a lie which I have made come true. A lie is just as good as the truth if the result is all right. Profit is the only thing in business, and profit is imagination and imagination is seldom the truth. It's what you hope for. The world doesn't believe the truth. It didn't believe there was an America for Columbus to discover. They didn't believe Alexander Bell had a telephone any more than they thought Cyrus Field could lay the Atlantic cable, and those fellows were telling the truth all the time and were considered crazy. I tell you there are certain necessary business lies.

BOB—I don't believe it. I think a business man can get along better by telling the absolute truth.

RALSTON—My boy, you've been working too hard. You're crazy! You couldn't tell the truth for one day.

VAN DUSEN—Has he been lying again?

RALSTON—I've just been telling Bob that he couldn't tell the truth, the absolute truth, for one day and retain any friends or do any business.

VAN—I suppose if a man set out to tell the truth for one day that before night some one would kill him.

BOB—I still believe that I could tell the truth indefinitely.

VAN—When I was 9 years old I told my mother the truth about something that happened at school—what happened at home cured me.

RALSTON—My boy, as modern society is constituted it is as impossible to live without telling a lie as it is to do business without deception.

VAN—You're right!

RALSTON—It's too bad we have to admit it, but it's the truth.

DICK—I agree with you.

RALSTON—We've brought up that way. Parents tell their children that Santa Claus comes down the chimney—in a steam heated flat. Little Mary is told that the stork is going to bring her a baby brother, and she sits for hours at the window watching for it to come, and then they tell her the stork came through the door while she was asleep. You meet Smith on the street in the morning. You say, "I hope you slept well." That's a lie. You don't care a damn if he never sleeps.

DICK—The truth hurts people. An attractive lie sounds infinitely better than a mere statement of truth.

RALSTON—The lawyer tells his client he will win. The doctor tells his patient he will get well. . . .

VAN—And the minister tells his congregation they will go to heaven. It isn't the truth, but it's what they want to hear.

RALSTON—And every divorce gives the lie to (in monotone) "With thee love, honor and cherish her, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall live?"

VAN—"I will!"

RALSTON—"I will!" . . . You'd break up the whole party if you told the truth and said "I think I will!"

DICK—They lie in every line of business—stores misrepresent their bargain sales, newspapers, their circulation, banks their surplus, because business demands attractive statements.

RALSTON—I took old Dr. Cook just one hour to convince the King of Denmark he had discovered the north pole, but it required two years for Lieut. Peary to convince the Geographical Society of the same fact, and when Bryan said "Goodbye, good luck, God bless you" to Wilson, do you think he was telling the truth? And when Wilson said: "Bill, this parting breaks my heart," do you think he really meant it? Don't make me laugh.

BOB—Well, I'm entitled to my opinion. I believe you can tell the truth.

VAN—Oh, no?

BOB—No, no. I know you couldn't. I mean that I can tell the truth.

DICK—For how long?

BOB—I can tell the truth for one hour I see no reason why I couldn't tell it for one day or one year.

[Ralston, Donnelly and Van Dusen bet Bennett \$10,000 that he cannot tell the truth for twenty-four hours. Bennett stakes the \$10,000 given him by Gwendolyn.]

DICK—How old are you, Bob?

BOB—Thirty-five years old.

DICK—You lose, you lose! Give us the money! You lose on the very first question. He told me yesterday he was 30.

BOB—Don't be so anxious to win. That was yesterday. I was lying then. Now I'm telling the truth.

RALSTON—How much will you pay us to call this bet off?

BOB—Not a cent.

VAN—If you do tell a lie, tell a good one, Bob, because it will cost you \$10,000. That's a lot of money for one lie. Did you tell the truth about your income tax this year?

BOB—No.

VAN—Well, we can hold that over you.

RALSTON—When the car comes back for me we'll all go out home. I invite you all down to the house to stay all night.

BOB—I can't. I don't want to go.

RALSTON—You've got to go. You have never refused before.

DICK—You must go. And if you talk in your sleep I'll listen to every word.

VAN—I'll be there.

BOB—I always tell the truth in my sleep. Very well, I'll go if you insist upon it.

RALSTON—I do. Where did you get the \$10,000?

BOB—I got it.

RALSTON—I asked you where you got it!

BOB—I don't think I have to answer that.

DICK—You certainly do have to answer it.

VAN—If you refuse to answer you lose the bet.

RALSTON—Where did you get the \$10,000?

[Long pause. Bob is cornered and just about to give up when telephone bell rings.]

BOB—Excuse me. Hello. Oh, Mr. Clark. J. P. Clark? The Sulphur bank? Quick Silver? It's worthless—no good—no good at all. Good-by.

Lover's Truth.

[Installed in the Ralston country home on Long Island next day Bennett is beginning to show the result of



Margaret Brainard as Gwendolyn Ralston; William Collier as Bob Bennett. Bob Bennett, forced to tell the truth, admits that he was in love with and kissed another girl.



Mabel repeats the story she told the jealous Mrs. Ralston. Left to right—Ned A. Sparks as Van Dusen, Mary Harper as Sabel, Morgan Coman as Donnelly, Rapley Holmes as Ralston, Vivian Wessell as Mabel, William Collier as Bennett, Maude Turner Gordon as Mrs. Ralston, Ione Bright as Ethel Clarke, Margaret Brainard as Gwendolyn Ralston.

NAPOLÉON, MANHATTAN'S LATEST CULT

IF NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE came to Manhattan he would be surprised and delighted to discover that he is the latest cult of the American business man. The descendants of those who came over in the Mayflower are a great and growing contingent, but they do not compare in the rising generation of self-made men with the number of reincarnated Napoleons.

An art collector who possesses one of the precious half dozen original bronzes of the death mask of Napoleon declares that there is a curious personality about the interest in Napoleon that is not to be explained by hero worship or anything less than a confident cult founded on "the greatest personality of modern Europe," as psychologists call him.

"George Washington is first in the hearts of his countrymen," says this student of the fads and follies of the American business man, "but Napoleon Bonaparte goes to their heads. He is a sort of familiar, or controlling genius, in the lives and policies of a lot of men I know. In fact, I have a little of that feeling about him myself."

"Away back before Nietzsche and Bernard Shaw discovered the popular Napoleon got hold of the popular imagination. He was rather nearer than Caesar and Alexander, and whereas a man got on in the world a bit and began looking around for some justification of having his own way because he had the money or the power or the nerve to run things, the newspapers would begin to call him a young Napoleon of finance or of this, that or the other line of business."

"Harry Leon Wilson knew what he

was about when he put the Napoleon cult in 'His Majesty Bunker Bean.' And, you notice, in the play at the Astor Theatre, that he hung a picture of Napoleon on the wall of Bunker Bean's bachelor quarters.

"Make a point of nothing in the offices of the business men you know the busts of Napoleon on desks or the prints of Napoleon on the walls. One of the best known advertising men I know has put Napoleon in bronze on a sort of shrine in his private office. And I can count half a dozen prints

of Napoleon hanging in the offices or libraries of men I know.

"I won't say that all these men believe that they are reincarnations of Napoleon Bonaparte. But there is a sort of man of destiny feeling about them that they cultivate, as you'll find out if you get to know them well enough."

"It isn't altogether a new cult. My grandfather had a portrait of Napoleon hanging in the library. After Lord Byron and Don Juan Napoleon was a sort of fashion, just as Omar

Khayyam was for a time. But Napoleon didn't get down into Wall Street until later days, and the Napoleon cult has never before attained the popularity it has had since the beginning of the present European war. I can't explain the psychology of it, but it is so."

"And this Napoleon worship is just as American as the baseball hero worship of the 'greatest lefthand pitcher' on which Bunker Bean is so strong. You'd think that Washington would have been picked out; but he's such a Sunday-best hero, and the pit of that cherry tree story has always stuck in the throat of every boy who ever tried to feel that Washington was really human."

"But when it comes to headwork in the business district by a hustling, ambitious American, he begins to think Napoleonic thoughts and plan Bonapartian policies. He hangs a Napoleon on the wall or sets him up on the desk and secretly tries to reincarnate the spirit of the man of destiny."

"He says to himself, not in so many words, but in effect: 'Now, if Napoleon was in the game this is how he would figure out the plays!'"

"And he goes ahead and wins."

"You can always find a role for Napoleonic busts and prints. I know a lawyer who had the cult so strong that he fairly bankrupted himself in buying everything he could lay hands on, written or printed, about Napoleon. He had the largest collection of portraits and medals I ever saw outside of a museum. And there is a New York theatre manager who looks so much like his Napoleonic death mask that one of my playwright friends insisted that it was a bronze portrait of the manager, who, by the way, is another member of the cult."

"Bunker Bean isn't the only one. There are scores of us, as you will see if you send around a psychologist to take the Napoleonic census."

tion of defending large towns against these destructive craft will shortly be one of the most serious and difficult in modern warfare the array of guns and armor carried by the largest and newest Zeppelins seems to justify the legend of impunity and invulnerability which they at one time shared with the submarine.

The latest models carry six machine guns, two quick firing rifles and a battery of discharging aerial torpedoes, which appears to be similar to the torpedo tubes of battleships and destroyers. The bombs are carried in a series of compartments, ready for dropping or firing in broadside.

The defensive armament is not neglected. These dirigibles are sufficiently stable to carry a belt of steel or other metal thick enough to resist small projectiles, and the force of exploding shells, unless these shells explode very near.

Anti-aircraft guns do not seem to reach the armor of Zeppelins when they climb to great heights. Those felled in England were shot down from aeroplanes by aviators, especially trained for the work, and the Zeppelin turns out upon trial to be much more vulnerable to attacks than was once supposed.

THE ZEPPELIN'S GUNS

ZEPPELIN raids and Zeppelin bombs are sufficiently familiar, but there is hardly anything known of the guns of these aircraft and of the force that supplies them with offensive and defensive power.

Even the Zeppelins brought down lately in England after dizzy feats of arms by English aviators have failed to supply the necessary information, in spite of diligent searching among the ruins and bits of metal. It is therefore satisfying to know that details carefully kept and doubtless regarded as secrets by the German Government have been at length measured and defined by experts.

A despatch to the Italian naval journal *Rivista Marittima* contains the only authentic account of the armament of the new type of Zeppelins that has been published. The description is the work of naval and military officers who have had opportunities of an unusual kind to study the means of defence of airships of the dirigible model.

The conclusions drawn by these experts from a close and technical consideration of Zeppelins of every type and form is that the new monsters have a complete and extremely powerful equipment of guns. As the ques-

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Gwen—Oh, dear, but you told me you never loved me.

BOB—Yes, I know I did.

Gwen—Who was she?

BOB—The girl who married the lion tamer.

Gwen—Well, I'm glad you confessed. I'm glad you told me the truth.

BOB—So am I. [Gwen, puts arm around her.] Gwen!

Gwen—Will you always be true to me?

BOB—I think I will.

Gwen—You think you will? Bob!

Inconvenient Truth.

[Ralston remains in town until the close of the market trying to square his biggest customer because Bennett told the truth in answer to the telephone query concerning the quicksilver stock. Through Bennett's truth telling Mrs. Ralston learns of the Mabel and Sabel episode and is jealous. Bishop Doran, who instigated Gwendolyn's charity campaign, calls and meets Van Dusen, who discovers that the Bishop is not averse to speculation and loses no time in selling his block of quicksilver stock to the unsuspecting clergyman. Then Mabel and Sabel arrive in search of a tip on the stock market from Donnelly. Bennett, forced to tell the truth, confirms Mrs. Ralston's suspicion that this is "the" Mabel. Then Ralston returns home.]

RALSTON—Mr. Donnelly, eh? Where's my wife?

SABEL—We just left her.

RALSTON—What?

MABEL—She found out my name was Mabel, but who told her that you lit my cigarette for me?

RALSTON [turns to Bob]—You! Did you dare tell my wife?

BOB—No.

RALSTON—Who did?

BOB [pointing to Dick]—He did.

DICK—She—she—overheard me talking about it.

RALSTON—Is that all you had to talk about? [To Mabel] What did you tell her?

MABEL—Nothing! The minute she learned my name was Mabel she asked me if I smoked, and then I asked her if she happened to have a cigarette.

She told me to ask you for one.

RALSTON—Oh, what a day! Do you know what's happened? I've lost over \$50,000! Do you realize that? Why did I ever make that bet! That man Clark has told every one on the Street

that I tried to swindle him. Oh, if my wife hears of that! I'd give \$20,000 if you had not said what you did over the phone. You'll have to square this. Has he told a lie yet?

DICK—Yes and No.

RALSTON—He hasn't, eh? Well, I'll make him. Tell me what you said about Dick in the cafe two days ago.

DICK—Yes, and tell the truth now.

BOB—I said if you knew twice as much as you do you'd be half witted.

RALSTON—That's it!

DICK—Is that so? [Angered] Well, perhaps you wouldn't mind telling me what you think of Van?

BOB—If he had one eye he'd look like a needle.

VAN—Much obliged, what do you think of E. M.?

BOB—He's a big, fat, overgrown, self-conceited, ostentatious, four flushing walrus.

RALSTON—That's far enough.

VAN—What do you think of Mrs. Ralston?

BOB—I think—

RALSTON—No—no—I've been married for twenty-five years. I'm satisfied.

BOB—I think she's the loveliest woman I ever met.

RALSTON—That's different. I've been wanting to get a line on you for a long time and this is a good opportunity. Did you ever steal anything?

BOB—Yes.

ALL—Ah!

DICK—What did you steal?

BOB—Once I stole a half a dollar.

RALSTON—Who from?

BOB—I stole it out of my little brother's bank.

VAN—Did you ever get drunk?

BOB—Yes—once a night.

DICK—Did you ever get arrested?

BOB—Yes.

VAN—When?

BOB—That same night.

VAN—Did you ever kill any one?

BOB—No, but I think I'm going to.

RALSTON—Oh, what a terrible thing! It must be to have to tell the truth. [Enter Mabel and Sabel. Ralston looks at them.]

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